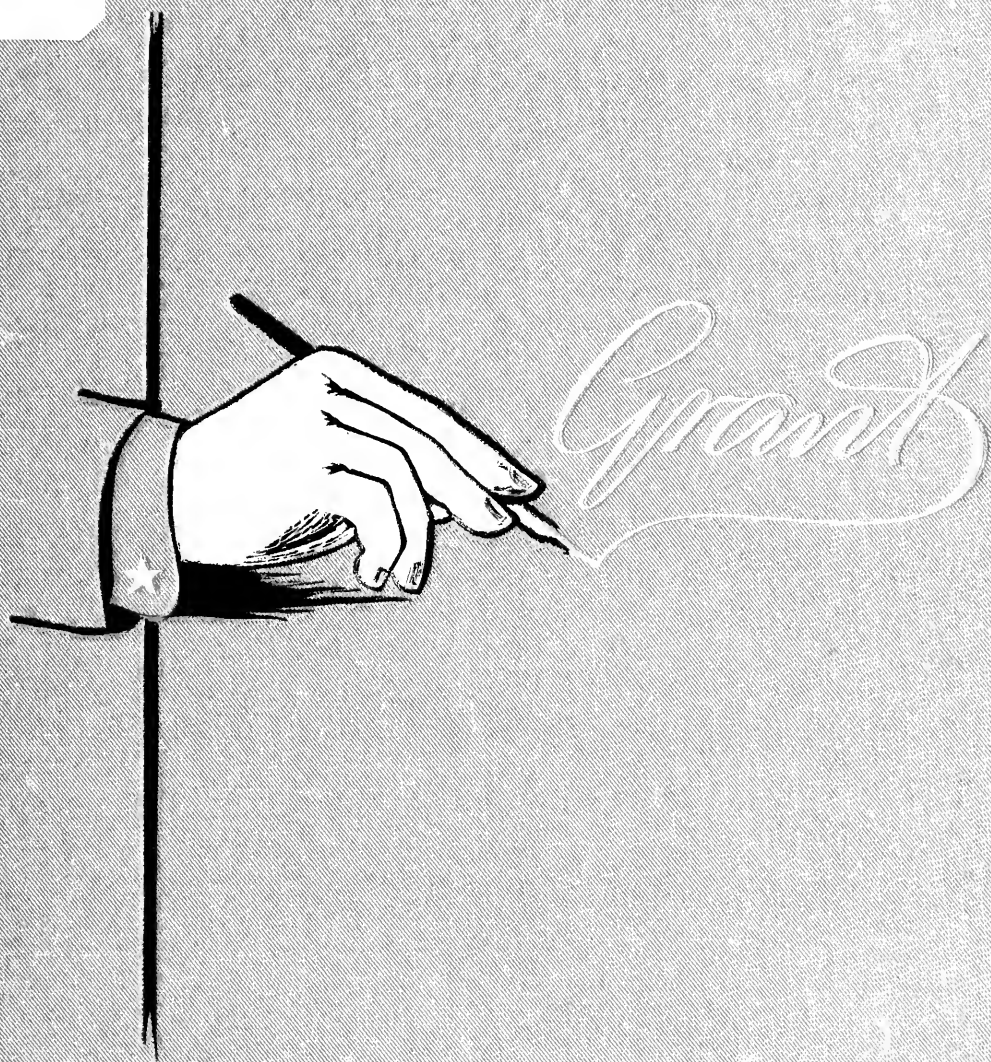
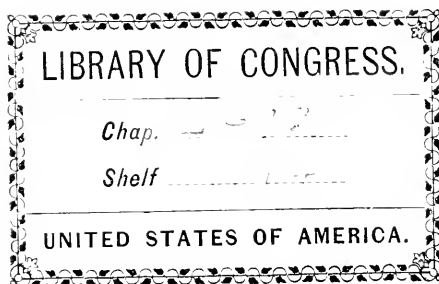


E



FOR THAT HAND HAD CROSSED  
THE DEADLINE WHILE YET  
HE WAS ALIVE

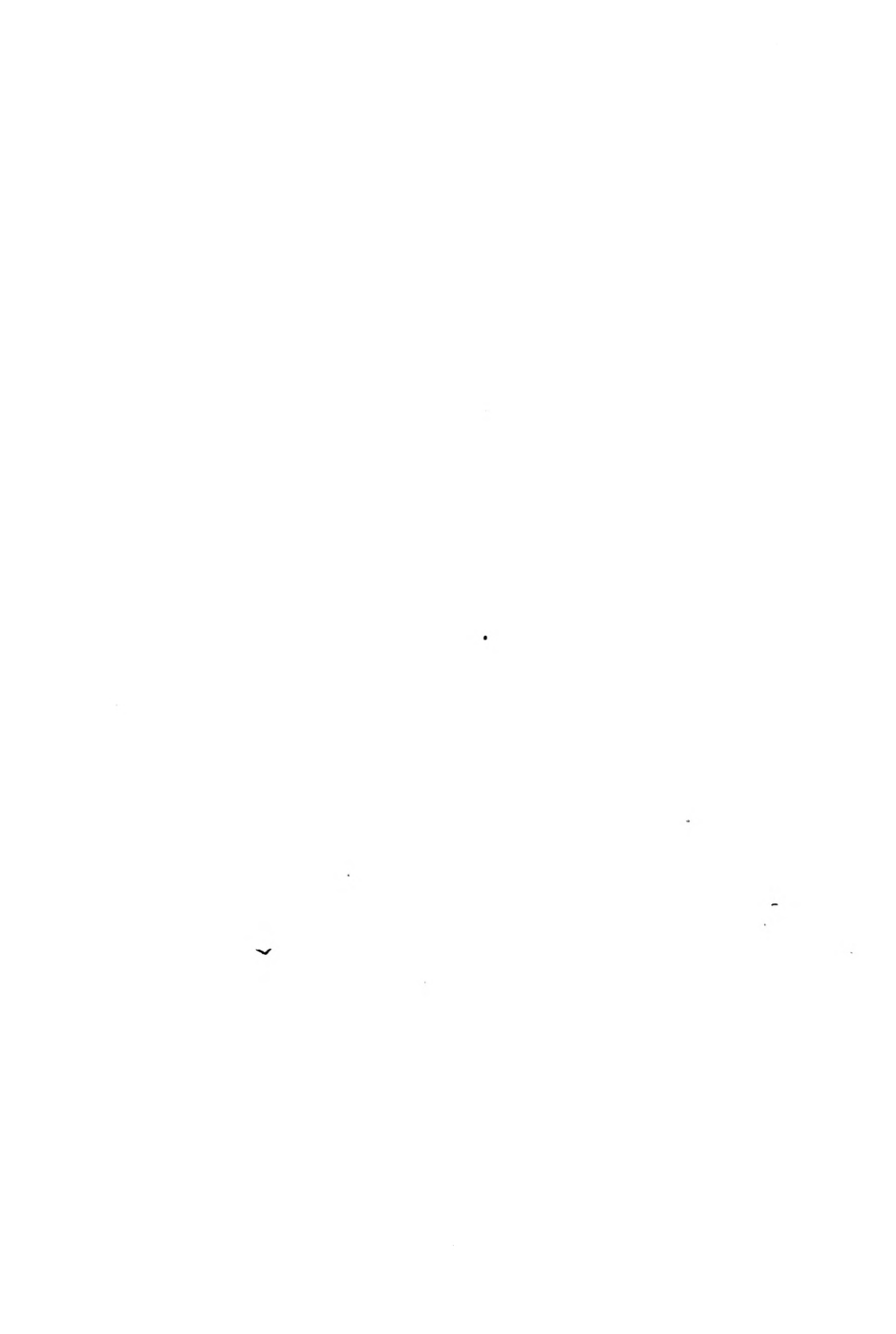


LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. 100

Shelf 100

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

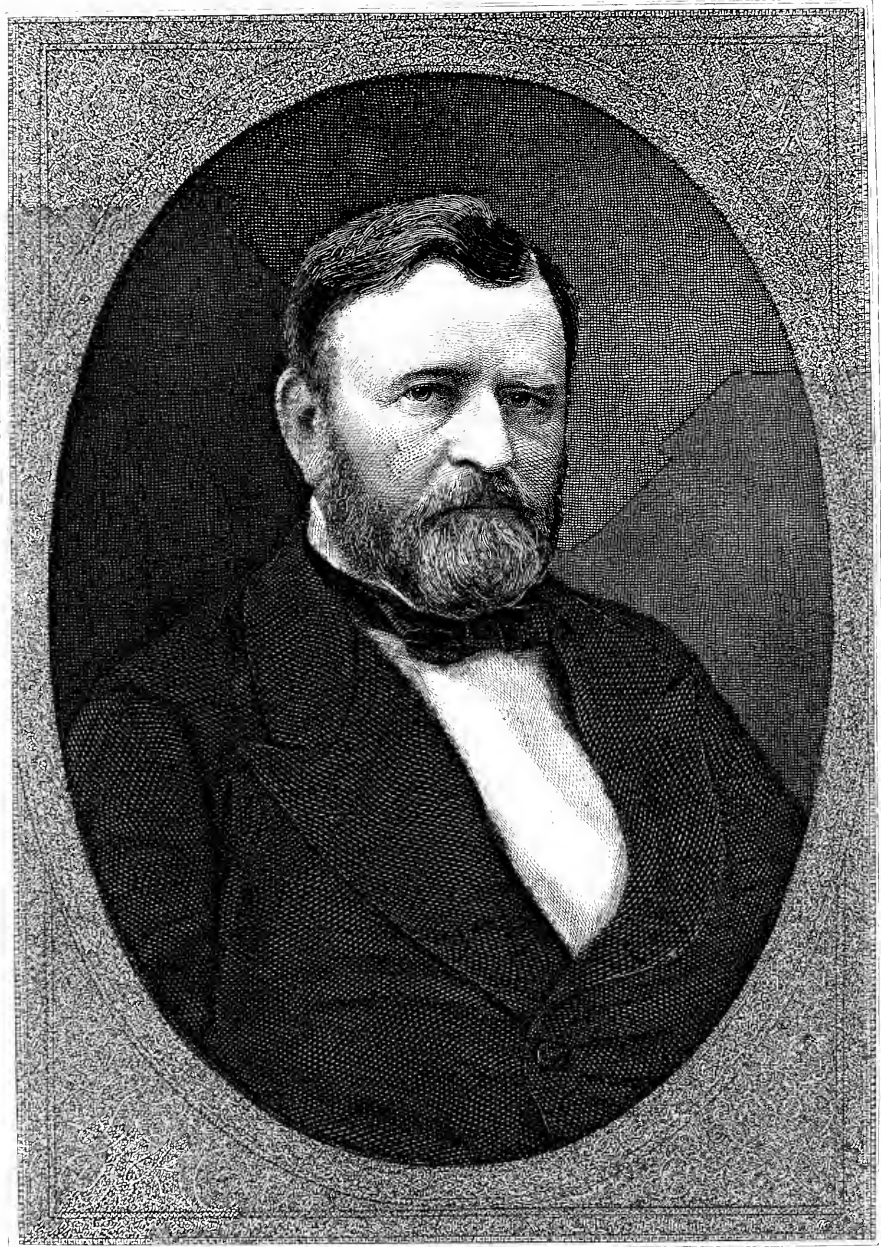












17/11/1854



GRANT.

---

DELIVERED

BY THE

REV. MILLER HAGEMAN,

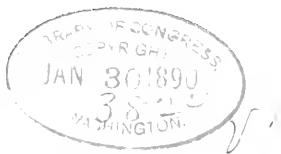
BEFORE THE

Grant Birthday Association

OF

NEW YORK.

---



AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET,

*APRIL 27, 1889,*

Copyright  
BY  
MILLER HAGEMAN.  

---

All Rights Reserved

PUBLISHED BY  
THE AUTHOR,  
267 LEWIS AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEDICATED  
TO  
GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN,  
IN BEHALF OF THE  
Grand Army of the Republic.



**Grant.**

In Life he conquered Rebellion.

In Death he cemented Reunion.



## GRANT.

---

UPON his couch at dead of night the  
dying conqueror lay,  
Through the still watches of his sleep  
breathing his life away :  
When from the shadows of the tomb  
with soft and stealthy tread,  
There came a silent sentinel and stood  
beside his bed.

Poised in its bony hand there gleamed a  
    keen, unerring dart,  
The sleepless glitter of whose steel fell  
    pointed at his heart :  
The while as listening there he lay at  
    midnight came a call,  
“Surrender !” and the only terms, are,  
    “ Unconditional.”  
The stern old warrior started up from out  
    his martial dream,  
As if beyond the picket-lines he saw the  
    sword’s fierce gleam ;



“Halt! Stand and give the countersign,”

he gasped with hollow breath,

The while the skeleton between its teeth

ground hoarsely—“Death.”

“Death?” cried the dauntless warrior

with sudden burst of scorn,

As though he reined his battle-horse

and heard the bugle-horn :

“Death? What care I for Death, that at

his call my soul should crouch?

I’ve met him at the cannon’s mouth, I’ll

meet him on this couch.

Ho, spectre! drop that lifted hand and  
lay thy summons by,  
I fling defiance in thy face, O Death, I  
will not die!

Give me that shaft of sleepless steel that  
round me once again,  
From it may flash in words of fire the  
battle of a pen."

So spake the chief and from Death's  
clutch he plucked that pen of steel,  
And traced in trembling characters each  
thunder-bolted peal.

Till from each answering mountain and  
from each echoing nook,  
The valley of the shadow with the tread  
of armies shook.  
Mounting his steed at midnight as when  
'neath that dread sky,  
He rode down in the dark alone to conquer or to die,  
He sat the pale white horse of death  
afront the serried line,  
He faced the leaden sleet that swept  
aslant the scarps of pine,

He saw his blades and banners flash far  
    down the dark ravine,  
Till, plunged in smoke, he seems to fade  
    in fancy on the scene.  
The ugly rents opened and closed about  
    him, rank on rank,  
The bullet left its breath on him, the  
    steed beneath him sank,  
The sharp command, the bristling charge,  
    the fort, the sulphurous steps,  
The fiery trails, the knee-deep field, the  
    trenches' gory heaps :

All, all once more before him passed as  
on his dimming eye,  
The midnight sun of memory shone o'er  
him from on high.  
He felt the shadows round him fold their  
chilly winding-sheet,  
He felt the heart's soft drum-taps for  
the final roll-call beat,  
He heard the night-watch on the wall  
ticking its low tattoo,  
So soon to hear the reveille sounding the  
Grand Review.

He saw the shadow of his hand as with  
prophetic track

It fell across the disk of time and set the  
dial back ;

Signing his death-warrant, the while with  
life he still must strive,

For that hand had crossed the dead-line  
while yet he was alive.

Cold as a dead king's coronet gleams out  
all grandly now,

Set with the jewels of his crown those  
beads upon his brow ;

Cold as a figure carved in stone athrong  
the marts of men,  
Propped up by that white pillow, that  
hero of the pen.  
He wrote, but not as poets in the tropics  
of their youth,  
For there was only time enough for him  
to tell the truth :  
He told the story simply for future years  
to scan,  
Too near the judgment of his God to care  
for that of man.

What though each stroke of that sharp  
pen was but a flash of pain?

What though each thought a bolt that  
struck a splinter from his brain?

What though the weary watcher slept?  
While Death bent sleepless by,

Where honor on misfortune called 'twere  
cowardice to die.

Ah! 'twas not of himself he thought as  
memory came and went,

For one there was who sleeplessly as death  
beside him bent ;



And when at length his task was wrought  
as love's last glance he took,  
Her image on his lifeless eye still kept  
its living look.  
Heroic man of iron mould, this modest  
hero dies,  
With only silence on those lips, that  
rarest of replies ;  
Too near our eyes to see as yet what  
time shall show at last,  
His faults were but the shadows that his  
solid virtues cast.

Ignored, rebuked, maligned, displaced,  
through all that could oppose,  
Up from the bottom to the top that great  
subaltern rose,  
Till, with three armies in his grasp, he  
stood at last alone,  
The monarch of the mightiest force that  
earth hath ever known.  
Himself his own prime-counsellor, with-  
out one petty whim,  
He knew how to use rules without letting  
those rules use him .

With but one bright ambition that fired  
his eager ken,  
Where tyros of the topic art took places,  
—he took men.  
True to himself, true to his friends, and  
to his country true,  
He struck to save that country, and  
where he struck, he slew.  
In war as terrible as blood, yet tender as  
the child  
On whom amid the battle-shock so  
lovingly he smiled ;

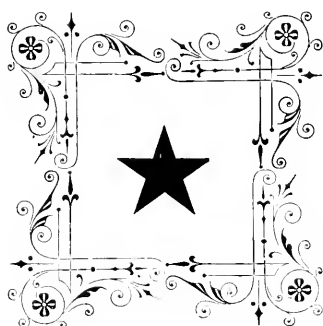
For though he seemed with visage stern  
to pity grown apart,  
Beneath that iron armor beat a soft  
and gentle heart.  
And when the war was over and treason  
knew its fall,  
He entered not in triumph the conquered  
capital,  
But with a magnanimity that history  
shall record,  
Victor, he took the vanquished hand, but  
scorned to take the sword.

A grand chivalric conqueror, he never  
could forget,  
Where brothers fought as bitter foes  
they fell as brothers yet ;  
And when as comrades hand to hand  
they bore him on his bier,  
The blue and gray lost color in the  
crystal of a tear.  
Fair garden of the grounded arms,  
through thy lute-fingered leaves  
The northern and the southern wind  
shall meet, as summer weaves

From many a willow's muffled harp a  
    chaplet wet with dew,  
While heaven shall give its rosemary to  
    whom earth gave its rue.  
Cut off in that far country to which his  
    soul hath passed,  
Where the dead get no despatches and  
    the wires are down at last ;  
No courier can call him back, no orders  
    reach him now,  
No martinet can pluck the stars that  
    blossom on that brow.

O Dead Immortal ! take thy crown ; thy  
    martial dream is done,  
Thine was the greatest battle that was  
    ever waged or won :  
Wrought by indomitable will in lines of  
    adamant,  
Still there, as if defying death, shall stand  
    the name of—GRANT.

*Miller Fagelman.*















LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 013 787 991 8